

# South America a wonderland for Northern Tourists

A GREAT Recreation Place for the Student and Historian—Wide Variety of Peoples, Modes of Living and Scenic Wonders—Trips Worth Taking—High Up in the Andes Mountains—A Business Tour as a Source of Pleasure—Seeing Pan-America First.

Travel south from Buenos Aires a similar distance and you can snapshot the cannibals of Terra del Fuego. Tribes of Indians which use poisoned arrows instead of firearms live within two days' journey from La Paz, the capital of Bolivia; and head-hunters dwell within 250 miles of Lima, Peru, who are more like some ancient European municipality than any other city of South America. Within 100 miles of Asuncion, Paraguay, the Indian tribes run naked.

Thus it is throughout the length and breadth of the southern continent, a civilization older than our own, and yet it is constantly presenting to even the most primitive character, while the tourist is kept in a state of constant delight with the continuous panorama of scenery as sublime as anything in the world.

Certain portions of the South American routes which fall under the observation of the ordinary business traveler are nothing less than amazing in their scenic effects. Such, for instance, is the route from Mollendo, Peru, to La Paz, Bolivia. This is one of the three routes which one may take to get to the Bolivian capital, and the average traveler takes this route either going into Bolivia or coming from it, depending upon the direction he is traveling along the west coast.

I was moving southward and therefore started in on this trip from the Mollendo terminal. For the tourist who is seeking scenery this is the better direction of travel, since the mountains increase in magnificence as they approach Lake Titicaca.

At this point the Peruvian coast the usual foothills are replaced by a broad shelf of elevated desert which comes out to within four or five miles of the beach. The altitude of this shelf is about 3,000 feet and the descent from its edge is very precipitous. Disembarking at Mollendo is exciting, for the port is an open road in which the sea frequently runs heavily. If the sea is breaking outside of the short mole a landing is never accomplished.

For the first few miles out of Mollendo the train follows the beach southward, and the passengers observe the long curved lines of surf as the Pacific combers bring up against this bleak shore after their long journey from the south sea islands. Presently the train reaches a fertile strip watered by a mountain stream which breaks through to the sea at this point, and immediately turns inland and begins the climb to the floor of the first mountain shelf.

The roadbed has been constructed along a natural grade, without the use of bridges, cuts or tunnels, and consequently the train covers many miles of lateral distance without the least change of altitude.

At times one can look from the car window and see as many as three levels of railroad track beneath the train, as the train goes higher on the slope, the Indian are said to be less spoiled by view of the ocean and the tawny desert, is a noble one.

Fifteen miles of this climbing brings the train to the top and here there is an abrupt change in the character of the landscape. The moisture from the cloudbank that continually veils the edge of this slope has been sufficient to support vegetation, and myriads of bright-colored flowers—wild lavender and heliotrope, filling the car with their

fragrance; scarlet trumpet flowers, great masses of golden daisies and other flowers well known in California—appear beside the track.

But, more memorable is the spot where the traveler from the north gets his first real view of the Andes. From the sea the mountains are seldom visible because of the intervening waters, but when the train reaches the edge of this first rise the ocean disappears and instantly to the eastward the traveler sees the Andes rising, range upon range, ever higher, to the eastward, while scattered indistinctly in the cosmic welter are half a dozen giant peaks clad in mantles of snow. One of these peaks is Mount Misti, the very heart of the second highest mountain range on earth, that nothing needs to be added here. For the American traveler must journey by ship through the Straits of Magellan, where he sees scenery that sometimes rivals that of the fjords of Norway and at other times makes him think he is in the inside passage to Alaska.

No one who has ever seen it can forget the spectacle of the mountains from the middle of this beautiful lake. Along the eastern shore for 200 miles stretches the great Sorata range of mountains, one gigantic peak after another in echelon, every one of the

Under the impetus of the wind, which blows always from the sea, the blue sand has been gathered into small crescent-shaped hills which continually move eastward. At the eastern edge of this shelf is another range of even loftier foothills, and at their base are enormous deposits of ocean sand caused by the traveling hills heaping themselves together at this barrier.

As the train nears Arequipa there is another great change in the character of scenery, the mountains becoming more and more rugged, and presently the train comes out upon the edge of a deep canyon which rivals that of the Colorado. On the red walls of this canyon grow not so much as a spear of vegetation grows, but on the bottom of it there is a considerable stream, and the Indian population, far down in the depths of this gloomy ravine the green floor shines like an emerald in an old gold setting, while beyond the three great mountains, Misti, Pichu Pichu and Chichani, stand like a row of challenging sentinels.

Beyond Arequipa there is another ascent of bewildering beauty until the train reaches the breathless altitude of 14,866 feet, the second highest railroad pass in the Andes. At this point let me say something about sorocha, the altitude sickness peculiar to the Andes.

Because invalids and persons with defective hearts have sometimes been fatally seized with this malady, the American traveler often undertakes the Andean trip with a good deal of trepidation. There is, however, no need for any person in average health to fear the altitudes of the Andes, and discretion in eating will nearly always

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MOVING CRESCENT-SHAPED SANDHILLS NEAR PACIFIC COAST OF PERU.

prevent any possibility even of the headache and nausea of sorocha. Sorocha, which is like seasickness intensified, can nearly always be avoided with care.

After crossing the divide, the train very rapidly descends to Lake Titicaca, which is at an altitude of about 12,500 feet. So much has been written about this marvelous body of fresh water nearly as large as Lake Erie, in the very heart of the second highest mountain range on earth, that nothing needs to be added here. For the American traveler must journey by ship through the Straits of Magellan, where he sees scenery that sometimes rivals that of the fjords of Norway and at other times makes him think he is in the inside passage to Alaska.

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VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO FROM TOP OF SUGAR LOAF ROCK AT ENTRANCE TO BAY.

dozen or more peaks above 20,000 feet high and the two flanking summits, Sorata and Illimani, contending with each other and with two or more peaks in other portions of the system for the honor of being the highest mountains on this hemisphere.

Another impressive ride is on the Transandine railroad between Valparaiso, Chile, and Buenos Aires, Argentina. The road has been driven through the granite heart of the Andes, and at the pass, which is relatively low, the traveler seems to be on the very roof of the world. Or, if this route is closed by snow, as it is for several months each year, the traveler must journey by ship through the Straits of Magellan, where he sees scenery that sometimes rivals that of the fjords of Norway and at other times makes him think he is in the inside passage to Alaska.

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Bolivia, whose southern sky is nearly filled with the bulky snows of Mount Illimani; Lima, Peru, surrounded by bright green fields irrigated from the River Rimac; Sao Paulo, Brazil, among its tropical mountains; Santos, with its seaside resort of Guarujá, which is the South American Monte Carlo; Monte Video, with ocean beaches broader than those at Palm Beach, and Buenos Aires on its flat prairie, where the artful hand of man has more than made up for the scenic deficiencies of nature.

These are features along the route taken by any business traveler. The delight of the tour can be augmented ad libitum by means of side trips, according to the whim of the traveler. It is worth seeing, South America, every foot of it, and particularly now when the two continents are confronting each other almost with the surprise of discovery.

The travel of North Americans in South America would be reciprocated in increasing measure.

When the European travel from both continents has been diverted in greater degree to each other, the effect will be seen in our own foreign trade balances.

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BY ROBERT F. WILSON.

Buenos Aires an enterprising steamship agency distributed to business and professional men an attractive booklet, entitled, "Include a Voyage to North America in Your Travels." The booklet contained excellent half-tone reproductions of photographs taken in a number of American cities and included in its text the following two paragraphs:

"Now is the time to visit the great Northland, and to include in your itinerary trips to the great Panama exposition in San Francisco and San Diego, California, a tour which will carry you entirely across the continent, a journey which can frequently be broken by stopovers at the points of interest along the line. For the sight-seer the natural wonders of the United States exceed those of the far-famed and dearly beloved Mediterranean countries. They are not the ruins of the wrecking hand of man, but the marvelous works of the mind of God.

It would be an excellent idea, if

seems to me, if the same booklet in English, with the necessary transpositions, were distributed among business men in this country, for certainly all that the South American booklet says in eulogy of the wonders of North America can with equal truth be applied to the scenic features of South America.

Such natural wonders as the Andes, the Iquazu falls and the harbor at Rio de Janeiro certainly "excel those of the far-famed and dearly beloved Mediterranean countries"; and surely the American business man is likely to find more to interest him in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires "than the entire old world could ever offer."

This, then, is a plea for American travelers to see pan-America first. By all means visit the United States before any other country; but when you know your own country, then go to see something of South America.

The wonder is that American travelers have not long ago discovered South America as a recreation place. It offers attractions to appeal to the taste of any tourist. The studious-minded will find associations in the cathedrals and libraries of the old Spanish settlements almost as venerable as those



MOUNT MISTI AND HARVARD OBSERVATORY NEAR AREQUIPA, PERU.

## How the Great War Affects People in a Single Apartment House of Paris

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, November 10, 1915. "YOU will see," said my old neighbor, "every house is struck. As in the plagues of Egypt, the first-born is taken. From the first-born of Pharaoh sitting on his throne, even unto the first-born of the maidservant that is behind the mill, there is not one house where there is not one dead."

The house is new, heated by the landlord. There are twelve flats on the master's stairway, two by two on each landing. Each has parlor, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms, bathroom, and a large dark room for trunks and hanging clothes. At the top of the back stairs, where the servants sleep in twenty little rooms under the roof, two small apartments have been arranged for humbler families, one at \$150 per year, one at \$100. Even here, the better flat is "well inhabited." As Mme. B. says: "You ought to see their furniture! The daughter is too fat, he is too elegant." The old father was employed by an architect before the war. Now he sells coal.

And each servant girl, in her little cold room, vibrates with France invaded, and sends money, clothes and dainties to some soldier. Angèle, in the kitchen next door, weeps—good girl of mountain parents beyond Montauban: "My brother is too fat, he was a taxi chauffeur. He'll get sick in the trenches!" And she buys another postal order. She won't think of his being killed. That is why she weeps.

So the house represents all middle-class France. How does the war affect these people who, a year ago last July, were going on their summer vacations, tranquil, prosperous, dreaming no danger?

—not happy. They had lost their only daughter. They were medical students of nineteen, but weakly. They had recently sold out the grocery to live in this suburb, on their money for the youth's health. Why budge? Quitting Paris, they would lose the grocery business, the boy's future. Because, when the war broke out, it mobilized the man who bought the grocery, who had made but one first payment.

So the grandfather returned to the grocery—to save it. Half the nights he sleeps there. The grandmother worries about the boy. When his military

and be off—an army doctor. Meanwhile the couple give themselves to good works. They have "adopted" for the war "four" "poilus" at the front, poor soldiers without family. The grandfather sends them groceries.

First floor up, the same, but different. The couple have a big and husky son, the boy's future. Because, when the war broke out, it mobilized the man who bought the grocery, who had made but one first payment.

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THE IMMORTAL AND TUTELARY "BOULOT" LOAF OF THE FRENCH COMMON PEOPLE. THE BREAD IS GOLDEN-CRUSTED, THICK-CRUMBED AND NUTRITIOUS.

"class" was called they got him "ad-journed" for feeble constitution. Yet she trembles. For the young fellow, now twenty, is bound to volunteer despite them. Every night when he returns, she looks him in the eyes with terror. Tomorrow he will get himself up, slip through a medical inspection

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